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The Associated Students of the Montana State School of Mines

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# THE ACROPOLITAN

A SEMI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION BY THE MONTANA STATE SCHOOL OF MINES

Vol VII.

BUTTE, MONTANA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1929

Number 4

## NEW SEMESTER HERE

Place your bets early on who's going to get through the new semester. It has started like any other semester in that all professors are complaining of having too little time in which to put over the subjects they are teaching. That is well, the students, feel that there is too little time for us to get those subjects in the manner in which they should be got.

Only too well do we realize that more time should be given to each and every subject. And how the sophomores like to have an eight o'clock five days a week! Because there are some conflicts the courses have been turned topsy turvy in an effort to give as much satisfaction as possible.

Another difficulty that some kick about is that there is no opportunity, in the present schedule, to take any elective courses. Of course some students always feel hurt because of lack of any language courses in the regular curriculum. A course in German would certainly not be out of place in an engineering school.

We certainly agree with Dr. Thomson in that the library should be the heart of the institution. We are troubled with heart attacks of various kinds which are especially noticeable when one attempts to use the library. Have you ever tried to take a book out? It has always given us great pleasure to be able to walk thru the stacks and skim a book here and there. When you have to look up something in particular it is no great difficulty to locate the desired book without resorting to the files which are in many cases rather misleading.

Yesterday we tried to find a book with some modern physics at the Butte Public Library. The books there are so old that one is likely to pick up a physics and read that electricity is a fluid. Some periodicals might contain the desired information but that remains to be seen at some future date. What couldn't we do if we had a good librarian on the job at the Mines?

It wasn't very long ago that the typical carb of every engineering student consisted of boots, breeches and a Stetson hat. How times have changed! The School of Mines man today looks just as human as his neighbor. Only on surveying and geology trips do the budding young engineers appear in the supposedly professional arb.

During Examination week we thought that some of our students were trying out for parts in "The Gorilla" or some such play—the hurstle appearance many of our leading shiks scared away several mother's boys that might have registered in our midst.

We're at it again and while our numbers are slightly diminished we have several new members to the family. The old students that came back to us with registration are:

Don Mayo, Senior.  
William Mayo, Senior.  
Mildred Barnes, Sophomore.  
Gene Little, Sophomore.  
Gordon Williams, Freshman.  
Becker Hoskins.  
Among the new students are:  
Victor Bates.  
Thomas Banfield.  
Dwight Elderkin.  
Victor Nicolaisen.  
Dra Funck.

We are certainly all glad to see these people with us. (Also any whose names we did not get.)

## AFFAIR GIVEN FOR COEDS OF MINES

The co-eds of the School of Mines were honor guests recently at a daintily appointed luncheon given at the A. E. Koenig home, 1250 West Porphyry Street, with Mrs. Koenig, Mrs. E. S. Perry and Mrs. Fred Gilbert, hostesses.

The pretty table was nicely decorated with spring blossoms, a wonderful wood fire blazed cheerfully in the brick fireplace, and after a delicious lunch an agreeable half hour of conversation was enjoyed.

Covers were placed for Mrs. Josephine Converse, Mrs. Elizabeth Roach, Misses Patsy Alsop, Ann Anderson, Elizabeth Brinton, Teela Davis, Ruth Dickson, Besse Ellis, Florentine Eno, Celestine Hendratty, Pearl Hirsch, Margaret Kelly, Mary M. Lowney, Eleanor Rice, Clara Roat, Naomi Sternheim, Margery Trueworthy, Dorothy Richards, Margaret Helchan, Bess Wallace, Josephine Weiss, Winifred Woodhouse, Mildred Barnes, Gwen Culbertson, with the hostesses.

This little paper, the Acropolitian, has probably a more widespread circulation than any other similar school paper in the United States. It has been the policy since it's founding to send a copy of each issue to every alumnus. South America, China, Australia, Africa, Poland, etc., these copies find their way carrying to M. S. S. M. engineers in responsible positions all over the globe a contact with the old school. And with you, Mr. Advertiser, may be a feeling that they are advertising only to a group of students, but your advertisement is carried out all over the world to those who have memories of Mines and who hold a good feeling for those who help make our little publication possible.

## ANDREWS LECTURES ON THE GOBI

A lanky, well-dressed, rather bald man, speaking with a New England accent, is our impression of Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews. He was introduced about half hour after the lecture was scheduled to start, and then there was some trouble about the lights and the focusing of the projection machine. But when the lecture was over nobody seemed to regret the delay.

He started by telling of a prediction that was made not so long ago in regard to finding proof in Asia that that continent was the central origin from which the land animals spread into Europe and America. This has been proven satisfactorily in the exploration of the Gobi.

Dr. Andrews' home in Peking was used as headquarters for all of the expeditions. From Peking they went to Kalgan, a frontier town on the Mongolian desert. From here was sent out the camel caravan that preceded the expedition with supplies. A month later the main expedition set out in automobiles. The automobiles were Dodges, which held up remarkably well throughout the trip.

From Kalgan the expedition headed into the west where they met failure. The camels died and no important discoveries were made. When the hardships, due mostly to the sand, became too great they turned back and headed East. From that time success was theirs. In the East they found the graves of the "Dune Dwellers". Thousands of the stone age implements that they had made and used were found. Bones of massive titanotheres and mastodons delighted the paleontologists. Thousands of specimens were shipped back to this country when the expedition returned.

The lecture was profusely illustrated with both slides and movies. Barring the fact that the films were inserted backwards into the projection machine, which made all of the subtitles unreadable, everything went smoothly.

The talk was certainly one of the most interesting ever heard here and it is a credit to the School of Mines that a man of such fame and real importance should be brought here. The audience was much larger than that which heard Stefanon, which fact is in itself gratifying. No one who heard Andrews could have left with any impression other than that there was a great man, one devoted to his work.

## GREETINGS

Beginning with this issue, the Acropolitian comes to you the product of a new editor. That in itself is not so startling; the only thing that makes it worth mentioning is the fact that this editor is one of the lowly coeds. Being possessed of a well-developed sense of the fitness of things, she realizes full well that such a condition should not be, in this of all he-men schools. However, she is willing, in her humble way, to attempt to satisfy everyone—particularly the pulsant Miners—and to put out a paper which will be everybody's idea of what a paper should be!

Seriously speaking, though, there is this fact to be considered: the new editor is perfectly willing to listen to any and all criticisms of the paper and promises to follow those which seem to her well-grounded. But please remember, if you desire more news for the front page, that it lies with you to make the news before we can print it. Try not to ask the impossible, and we'll do our best.

Thank you!

## M. S. S. M. REQUESTS INCOME INCREASE

The School of Mines has 3 main sources of income:

First, the income provided by legislative appropriation, based upon the 1½ mill tax levy which was authorized by vote of the people in November, 1920. For the biennium 1927-29, \$48,500 a year was appropriated.

Second, the interest upon funds derived from the sale of the School of Mines Land Grant. This Land Grant consisted originally of 100,000 acres, of which slightly more than 40,000 acres have been sold, leaving approximately 60,000 acres, very of which is producing any revenue. At the present time, the interest from the Land Grant fund amounts to about \$40,000 a year.

Third, student fees and deposits, and sundry local items, which amount to about \$7,500 a year.

This, therefore, makes the income for the School of Mines for the biennium which closes June 30, 1929, about \$96,000. For the next biennium we have asked for an increase of \$25,000 a year by legislative appropriation, making our total request about \$73,500. This, it will be noted, represents an increase of over 50%, which is a very large increase when viewed in this way, but which, when computed in actual amounts, looks very small indeed.

The major items of increase in the maintenance appropriation are for complete modernization of the Ore Dressing laboratory; for library books, staff, and equipment; for the museum, for repairs to the foundation of the Main Building; and for campus improvement.

## CLAPP TALKS ON GEOLOGY OF STATE

Dr. C. H. Clapp, president of the University at Missoula was the speaker for the regular meeting of the lecture course held in the Metallurgy building, Feb. 5. He spoke on the geology of Montana, particularly the western part. In introducing him, Dr. Thomson said that when they first met, Dr. Clapp was the president of the School of Mines and during their conversation informed him that he was going to make this the greatest school of mines on earth. Although there have been several changes since then which have prevented Dr. Clapp from continuing his efforts toward this goal, both men agreed that another attempt is in the process of being made.

During the short period of one hour, the renowned geologist traced the historical geology of this section from the earliest periods of formation down to the present date. He cited many nearby examples of the different formations and periods, thereby making his talk especially interesting to the engineers and students who are familiar with this part of the state.

The meeting was well attended by prominent geologists and engineers besides the students and faculty. After the talk an informal discussion took place, during which Dr. Clapp answered questions of the audience and at the close of which he was cordially greeted by many of his old friends.

## BUREAU OF MINES

The following information regarding the Montana State Bureau of Mines and Metallurgy has been supplied by the President's office for the information of the readers of the Acropolitian.

In 1919, during President Clapp's term of office, there was established by the legislature, in connection with the School of Mines, a State Bureau of Mines and Metallurgy, whose functions, in spite of its name, were largely geological in character, according to the legislative act creating it.

This organization issued five publications, as follows:

- No. 1. The Montana State Bureau of Mines and Metallurgy. (An explanation of its purpose and operation.)
- No. 2. Directory of Montana Metal and Coal Mines.
- No. 3. Mechanical Ore Sampling in Montana (by H. B. Pulsifer.)
- No. 4. Geology and Oil and Gas Prospects of Central and Eastern Montana. (With geologic map.)
- No. 5. The Location, Representation, and Patenting of Mineral Lands in Montana.

Probably the most important accomplishment of the Bureau was the completion of the geologic map of the eastern half of the state, which accompanied Bulletin No. 4. The material for the compilation of a similar geologic map of the western half of the state was also collected, and the preparation of the map was begun, but had to be suspended because of lack of funds, as no appropriation has been made for this work since 1921.

We are now asking the Legislature to appropriate \$15,000 for the re-establishment of this important work at the School of Mines, and at the present writing there appears to be a reasonable prospect that the legislature will provide the funds requested. The proposal is meeting with much support from the mining men in the state, especially from the smaller operators, who would most benefit by the work of the Bureau of Mines.

It has also been suggested that the name of the organization should be changed to Bureau of Mines and Geology, as more nearly expressive of its functions.

## INTERCOLLEGIATE TRACK MEET

It is understood in well informed quarters that the dual track meets between the State College and the State University are at an end. From now on this meet will be changed so that it will be a Montana Intercollegiate Track Meet. The plan is the product of Coach Stewart of the University. This is the first time that plans of this sort in regard to track have gone beyond the possibility stage.

To say that the authorities at the School of Mines are pleased would only be putting the matter lightly. With the athletic funds at the school in a healthy condition the Miner track artists can look forward to support from the school in their track work. For the past three years the Mines have tackled the idea of a track team in order to get the work started. With some very fine material in school the rest should be easy this year.

The Mines track men are led by that great little speedster, Howard Hill, who so far will have as prospective team mates Marcus Pruett of Whitehall and John Holleran. These three men we know are track men and there is no doubt but that with the announcement of the plans for a track team at the school there will be a lot of good material show up.

## GREETINGS TO THE SECOND SEMESTER FRESHMEN

The second semester freshman is always a vastly different sort of being from the first semester freshman. For one thing, there are not nearly so many of him. This one has run short of money and has had to go to work; that one has concluded that scholarship is not his field and has faded away without waiting for what he knows must be the inevitable verdict of the examinations; and still another has fought a brave, last-ditch fight with the examinations and gone down to defeat with his colors nailed to the mast-head, as it were. Now we all love a good fighter, and here let me say parenthetically to those freshmen who have fallen by the wayside, that we hope to see you back again next year, fortified by the experience you have gained.

To those of you who have weathered the storm, let me congratulate you, and if I may do so without hurting your feelings, remark that you are like babies who have lived through the first year—your chances of survival to the diploma-receiving stage are immeasurably increased; all that you need to do now is to keep up the good work.

There is one thing about studying—the more you do of it, the easier it becomes. Personally, I find it easier to concentrate on the job in hand every year I live, and I think you will find that to be the case with yourselves.

So I hope you will not grow weary in well doing—the first hundred days (which is just about the length of the first semester) are the hardest, and now that you have these behind you let me wish you equally good luck for the rest of your course.

Speaking of good luck, however, let me remind you of the man who said, "I'm a great believer in luck, the harder I work the more I have of it."

FRANCIS A. THOMSON.

## SHOWINGS IN MINES ATHLETICS

B. Y. U.

Since the last issue the Oregidgers have been showing in east country. The first game of any importance was against the Mormons from Brigham Young University. The Utah team came touted as the team that was going to beat the Bobcats at the State College. Fans anticipated a runaway when they hit the Miners. They won, but that is all that can be said for them. Chief Ott Romney, former Montana State College coach, now at B. Y. U., spent a hectic evening in Butte. The game started slow and was slowed up at all times by the official who called a tie ball every time the ball stopped for over two seconds. The lead saw-sawed back and forth and Romney was using everything that he had in an attempt to get ahead and put the game on. But despite the frantic efforts of the Mormons the Miners pushed them to the limit. It was one of the fastest games ever played on a Butte floor. The Miners can attribute their downfall to the fact that Honle Kiley could not seem to get going. Honle blasted from all angles of the gym but he could not hit. With the Miners in the lead after five minutes, Sigler was ejected from the game on four personal fouls and Trueworthy who took his place gave all he had to show that he will make things interesting for the men trying out for the team next year. The Utah men seemed to take a great deal to running. Fat Matlock took the point in the last two minutes when Dixon who was running with the ball in each case hit Matlock and Fat was fouled for roughness. These two fouls put Fat out and won the game for B. Y. U. If this running had been stopped in the last five minutes when Utah was taking advantage of the fact that it was not being called the Miners would have won by a fair margin. Jack Matlock and Quinn shared starring honors with Fat. Sigler played a whale of a game while he was in and Kiley took up the floor work where Sigler left off. This game woke the people up to the fact that the Oregidger team is one of the strongest in the West. B. Y. U. has a string of victories over teams in the West that are second only to the Bobcat wonder team. MacAuliffe again proved that he was a coach par excellence and that the men he has are equal to those of any other school that a person cares to mention. The Oregidgers' big weakness lies in the fact that we are short of good reserves. With Trueworthy and a few more coming along next year, though, prospects look brighter than ever for next year. We lose but one man and things should move along in nice fashion.

Billings Poly.

The team after the B. Y. U. game "went for a ride," winding up at Billings to play two games. The games, if they could be called that, definitely showed the people of Billings that the Montana Miners have a college team in Montana. The first against Billings Poly was played in the college gym. The score, well, it doesn't matter. The Mines won by sixty points. From the Billings report

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## MINES - ST. CHARLES

Mines and Mt. St. Charles supporters were surprised last week when they were notified thru the daily papers that there would not be a Mines-Mt. St. Charles basketball game. To say that they were the only ones surprised would be a half truth. The Mines athletic authorities were as surprised as were the fans of Butte. In order to explain the basketball situation between the two schools this year it is best to go back and relate the history of the negotiations that ended in a cancellation by St. Charles.

Early in the present season St. Charles asked for a game with the Mines. They stated that they desired an early game, in fact they wanted to schedule the game for the middle of December. The Mines, while notifying St. Charles that they would play them the usual game, declined to play them so early in the season. The arrangements for the game came to a stop. The Mines went ahead and arranged their schedule and kept week end dates for St. Charles. But at every end of a week end St. Charles pulled into their hole and insisted on a middle of the week game. The Mines insisted on a game on a Friday or Saturday. Then Eaton started to make trips to Butte. The wires, on both telephone and telegraph, were kept hot by Eaton, asking for a game on two to four days notice. Finally McAuliffe agreed to a game on a Wednesday when the Saints were returning from their two games in Missoula against the University. Three days before this game the Mines was notified that Saint Charles would not play. They did not definitely state whether they meant just on the date set or this year. The Mines immediately gave up any idea of a game with St. Charles for the present season.

This may be to some a surprising statement, but many people are surprised that the two teams even considered playing this year. They feel that the present trouble is but the outgrowth of the Mines student body being easy with St. Charles when they were manifestly in the wrong. Some years ago St. Charles team was taken off of the schedules of every team in the state but the Mines. This was the result of St. Charles, then under Coach Red Maher, playing men who were manifestly ineligible. The Mines Student Activity Director suggested that we also drop them, but we declined, feeling that the action of the rest of the schools was ample punishment. We played the game, and as a result, every time that the Mines seems to have visited Butte since then they have had to play not only the team but the whole school. In fact the trouble became so great that last year during the football season the Mines insisted that a man from outside Helena be appointed as an official. Helena agreed but refused to pay the expenses of the official. In order to have that official referee the game or officiate in any position the Mines were forced to pay his expenses. This is only one of the many kicks that have been lodged against the game with St. Charles. Others are numerous. We have had the pleasure of sitting on the bench in Helena and listening to the St. Charles coach tell the referee what to do. We have watched sixteen St. Charles players take part in a play and have the referee tell us to shut our mouth when we protested. There have been other spectacles presented by the Helena team and we have said nothing, but now that conditions are as they are we feel that before another game is played with St. Charles or before any contests with any team representing St. Charles is held, that some adjustments should be made and some understandings be reached.

## LETTER FROM GRAD.

It is always a pleasure to hear from alumni of the school and a letter as interesting as the one reprinted below comes it is a special treat. This was sent to Professors Simons and Adams by Heinie Hinrichson, a member of last year's graduating class, well-known to everyone here with the possible exception of the Freshmen. This should be of particular interest to men who are thinking of going to South America upon graduation. Our thanks are due the Professors for granting permission to print this letter in the Acropolitian.

Dec. 26, 1928.

Dear Professors:

I received an honorable discharge from the Air Corps after the officers of that division of the army decided that it would cost the Government too much money to transform me into a successful military pilot.

Shortly after being discharged, I made application and obtained a job at Sewall, Chile, with the Braden Copper Co. The trip to the property required 26 days. I crossed the continent from Los Angeles to New York by rail and arrived at Valparaiso via the Panama Canal on a British boat, the R. M. S. Ebro. En route stops of a day were made at Havana and Colon. I visited Lima, the capital of Peru, twelve miles inland from its port, Callas.

Farther down the coast I had the good fortune to be able to make a trip by rail to Portillo, located 150 kilometers inland at an elevation of 12,000 feet. The route of Chananar, the port, traverses a

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## THE MINING SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE

By F. A. THOMSON

Apparently the oldest mining school in the world is the Ecole des Mines, which was established in 1778, although it is possible that the Bergakademien of Clausthal, Freiberg and Przibram are equally ancient. The Swedish Bergskolan was established at Falun in 1821 and was later moved to Stockholm. The Royal School of Mines at London must have been established at about the same time.

Largely as a result of agitation by Raymond and others for the establishment of a National School of Mines, Columbia College as it was then, established a School of Mines in 1867. Massachusetts Institute of Technology followed with a Mining course in '68, Lafayette and Lehigh in '70, Washington University at St. Louis in '72, Pennsylvania in '74, Wisconsin in '76, and Michigan in '78, although Richards states (Footnote, Transactions A. I. M. E. Vol. 15, page 320) that degrees have been given by the University of Michigan in the mining course since 1868.

The western American mining schools owe their origin very largely to the wisdom of Congress, which thru the enabling Acts providing statehood for the various territories, usually set aside from 50,000 to 100,000 acres of land for a school of science or school of mines. Apparently the intention of Congress was to recognize the relative importance of mining in the different states by the amount of land designated as an endowment for institutions devoted to mining instruction. For example, the Enabling Act, which included North and South Dakota, Montana, and Washington, provided 40,000 acres for the School of Mines in North Dakota and South Dakota, 100,000 acres of land for the establishment of a School of Mines in Montana, and 100,000 acres of land for the establishment of a scientific school (not a school of mines) in the state of Washington. Whether Congress was merely lucky in its guess as to which of these states would have important mining industries and which would not, is a matter for speculation. In any event, we find there has grown up in the entire country, east and west, a large number of mining schools—possibly too large a number—and I am inclined to believe that there will be, in the course of the next ten or twenty years a considerable elimination of the weaker ones and a survival of those institutions which are best fitted by situation, equipment and personnel to carry forward the important work of educating young men for service to the mineral industry. Comparisons are, of course, "odorous," as Dogberry says, and it is perhaps unwise for me to specify in particular those schools which I believe likely to fade out of the picture.

The mining schools of the country, as at present organized, may be classified into three main types. First, those attached to or forming part of an endowed college or university such, for example, as the Columbia School of Mines, the mining department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the mining department of Stanford University. These resemble in a general way the second class namely, those attached to State Universities and Colleges, having numerous curricula. The schools of this general type have had varied success; Columbia, for example, for forty years dominated the scene as the most successful and best attended mining school in the country. Due to various causes, among which are probably the growth of mining education in the West, and the rather unwise change to the six year curriculum, Columbia appears to have definitely lost its prestige in this connection. Those schools which are attached to universities in mining states appear on the whole to have done much better than those not so situated. Arranging them alphabetically, for obvious reasons, I think one may say that Arizona, California, Idaho, Minnesota, Nevada, Utah and Wisconsin are the most successful among the schools of this type.

The third type is the State Mining School, segregated from other institutions and devoting itself wholly to training in Geology, Mining and Metallurgy. Again in alphabetical order, Colorado, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, and South Dakota are the outstanding institutions of this type.

This analysis brings us naturally to the present and to the outlook for the future.

There is, I believe, likely to be considerable rivalry for the next twenty-five years between the mining departments attached to various colleges and universities, on the one hand, and the segregated and specialized mining schools, on the other. From this competition I am inclined to believe the segregated mining school will emerge victorious, although probably some of the attached mining schools will survive in a more or less modified form. It may be worth while for us to pause long enough to estimate something of the relative advantages and disadvantages of each type of institution.

The mining department attached to a large university offers its students an advantage of associating with other students of very wide interests, and I think it is "Joan and Peter" that Peter at Oxford, after a time, concluded that it did not matter what he studied, if only he had met enough people who had studied

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## COEDS GIVING DIFFERENT DANCE

If you could have your choice of a couple or three splendid-gorgeous wishes, offered you by the mythical fairy god-mother, what would you take? Why, a Carnival Dance, of course! What better? And that's just what you're going to get, too—now who says wishes never come true.

Yea, verily, it'll be an exceedingly pessimistic, cynical, indigo-hued Miner who won't be happy the night of Feb. 27—or else he'll be so dumb there won't be any hope for him. 'Cause he'll be dumb if he doesn't come to the Coed dance, and it'll be impossible for him to be any thing but hilarious there.

This dance is going to be everything you have ever imagined with a little more thrown in for good measure. Of course we won't tell you now what it's going to be like, for that'd spoil the surprise, but of one thing you can assure yourselves—it's going to be different from any Mines dance ever held before. That's quite a promise, isn't it? And we're going to live up to it, too.

In the first place, it's starting at 8:30—and that means half past eight o'clock on the night of Wednesday, Feb. 27. In the second place, it's going to be informal—oh, very informal! And there'll be plenty of noise and color and cats and a good floor and just about everything else you could ask. 'Bout the only thing that'll be the same as at former Mines dances is that Jan Rich's orchestra will play. And if that's not added enticement then we don't know anything about dance music. Oh, yes, we might mention that, though the affair starts at 8:30, it'll keep going, and going good, till 12, so don't let that worry you. If you want to get home in time to get your beauty sleep that night, you'll be outta luck for sure. Let's see, what else is there we can tell you without spilling all the beans?

Just this: the Coeds' slogan this year is—"if you don't dance, you don't eat!" They may sound hard hearted, but there is just this about it: the girls are plenty glad to give of their time and strength and skill and what not provide a lunch for the boys on M day, but when it comes to digging down in their pockets for the wherewithal to feed a hundred famished fiends, that's something else again. It's not fair, as you ought to be able to see, to expect them to do that. So, every year they have given a dance, the proceeds of which have (sometimes) covered the expense of the feed. This year there's going to be no guess about it. Either the dance will cover the expense of the lunch, or there'll be no feed. How'd you like to bring your own lunches, and eat 'em on top of Big Butte? If you figure out just how much the coeds lunch is worth to you, in money and comfort and quality of food, then we think you'll be willing to agree that the price of a ticket to their dance is little enough to pay for it all. To say nothing of what you're getting at the dance.

And that brings us to another point. Heretofore the price of a ticket has been a dollar; this year even that's being changed. The girls will let you in for 75 cents, providing you'll all come. In other words, either you can take advantage of their generous offer and prove yourself the gentleman and the good sport by helping them out, or you can stay home, they'll go in the hole, and you'll be out a good lunch on M day as well as a good time Wednesday night. It's a good business proposition, but we'll wager by the time you get to the dance you'll have forgotten all about its business aspects—you'll be too involved in having a wonderful time!

Here's how, Miners! Show us you're all there!

## DEBATE TO BE HELD MARCH 14

The debate program for the year will start out, probably with the contest between the coed team and the Normal College team. This will be held in Butte, Thursday, March 14. A debate with the Eastern Montana Normal School has also been scheduled, to take place a few weeks later. These are the only certain contests to date.

The girls' team will probably consist of Mary M. Lowney, Margaret Helchan and Patsy Alsop. They will have the affirmative of "Resolved, that a substitute for trial by jury should be found."

All members of the Alumni desiring copies of the Annual this year please inform the circulation manager so that an estimate of the number of copies to order may be made within this next month. We feel that you will like the annual more than ever this year because of the many changes and improvements about the school of which it will tell and because it will show more cuts than ever before. It will be the same price as before (\$2.00) and this may be paid now or at the time of delivery.

Monroe Foster, Manager.



THE ACROPOLITAN

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THE REBIRTH

For centuries the Dark Ages held sway over the Western world; for centuries was barbarism triumphant on this earth which had known, not so long before, a flourishing civilization. Slowly did this period of disintegration come on, so slowly that very few were aware of it till it was at hand. Just as slowly did the return to some semblance of civilization take place. So slowly that probably the peoples of the time did not realize that anything better was coming—but finally their descendants woke one day to find it arrived. Psychologists tell us that every normal human being goes thru the experiences of the race during his lifetime. This point is open to doubt, of course—but it seems not wholly impossible that human institutions should go thru experiences somehow analogous to those of the race.

One may say we are arriving at too specious a conclusion. Possibly. Yet, for the sake of argument, consider the case of our own school. Does it not seem possible that it could have seen its Dark Ages? Does it not seem worthy to be hoped, at any rate, that its Renaissance is not too far distant? It would seem that it had experienced the lowest ebb possible for any school worthy the name; can flood tide be very far? But just as the building up of a medieval civilization took centuries, the building up of a real school can not take place in a year. Many years of hard work on the part of all concerned with the institution will be necessary before the M. S. S. M. can attain the position it should have—among the very best of its kind in the country. Much weeding out of students will be necessary in order to secure the type which will best represent the school as it should be—those only who are true students, those with a serious purpose and real love of study. Much stronger cooperation among the members of the faculty will be necessary before the machinery of the school can be run with the harmony that it should and must be. A multitude of other concerns must be attended to before our school can climb thru the mists of its Dark Age to the glory of its rebirth—affairs involving years of labor, of sacrifice, of painstaking care. Those who expect it to come overnight are either hopeless (in the one sense of the word!) optimists, or blind to conditions as they are. On giving a little thought to the matter anyone can realize its difficulties; yet for all of them we feel that a great place is destined for our school, and that it can be attained.

POETRY

In response to the demand for original poetry, questions on the printed matter and other show of interest in this column, there has come to my desk such an influx of material, that in spite of the the united efforts of staff and poetry editor the tremendous task of sorting and discriminating still remains undone—and so we continue in the usual way.

There comes from the selective press of Harold Vinal, that aristocrat of publishers, a remarkable book, "Sung at Dawning," by a youthful poet, Townsend Miller, barely sixteen years of age. One sentence of the jacket review is distinctly worth quoting, both in explanation of the ability of this poet and as a contribution to poetry in general—"Youth and poetic impulse go together, but it is not always that the product of this union can be called literature." In this case however, not only can the result be called "literature" but Mr. Miller's noble work especially in the important phase of technique is a direct antithesis to the widely asserted view of the critic, that this technique is an accomplishment acquired slowly and painfully throughout the years of infinite care in writing. Here it appears naturally and unaffectedly, and though the "first fruits of extreme youth yet without any traces of the unusual strains of prodigy.

The introductory poem in this volume is "Creed"—one of those minute and lovely expressions which makes the hearts of poets dream it might be their very own: I write upon the sands; the beating waves Dissolve my shallow thoughts in their cold spray

But poetry flows onward through the years; Tideslee, it sweeps on its majestic way.

If I can swell that torrent by one drop If I can add one stone or one small shell If I can place a single grain of sand Upon that mighty beach, I have lived well.

"Soul Song" Mr. Miller calls one of his poems, and it seems to me a most unusually mature understanding which recognizes, so early, the supremacy of soul—Oh! break the tendons of my heart And tear my flesh away; But leave my soul, my gorgeous soul, In all its fine array.

My hand is bent; my eye is dim My footsteps shun the light But oh, my soul is beautiful Shining, and swift, and bright.

Again in "Retrospection," there is distinct evidence of that poetic maturity which can only come of the gift of creation, hardly from experience: I have been alone too much So much that my thoughts Are like little white birds, Falling, Falling.

There is a strange and weary peace In solitude That sends my mind To the sea, And to dead friends, And to old loves.

And perhaps most remarkable of all in this collection are Mr. Miller's sonnets, those immortal proclamations of true poetry, the despair of the free verse champion, and staunch support of the instructor of versification. Below are sonnets XXXI and XXXII, and though I disagree heartily with his attitude toward friendship, I must admit that as a model of a sonnet, Mr. Miller's is quite perfect, and does embrace other phases which are true, else I should not select it for an appearance here.

Should we not call it love? 'Tis far too deep

To class with baser feelings, lower things; Friendship is but to laugh; love is to weep No false note in it ever sharply rings. Friendship leaves nothing; love doth leave its scars, And burns forever deep within the heart; It is the child that, crying, wants the stars, And from its lofty objects held apart. But love is long, though friendships wane and pass; There is no untrue feeling it to mar; Though friendshipsh may fall like unto scorched grass, Its sweet oblivion sure outpasses far. The thing that men call friendship here below Is feeble; if I scorn, but love I know.

What is a kiss? Is it a pretty sign? Or is it an acknowledgment of love? I think it is a signal of resign, When feelings blossom forth and stand above

The forced wall of carelessness. One is Admission of defeat and thwarted plan;

All vows are quick forgotten in a kiss That leaves, too many times, the lips all wan.

When one is kissed, one drinks of nectar rich And craves for more; ah, there the evil's found.

No longer one's idol in a niche; 'Tis gone, the image cast upon the ground. A kiss lowers a being to a scale Of the infatuated—all too frail.

Even in these four colorful, lighter lines the strain of philosophical thought is paramount:

Bittersweet

You have brilliant color of youth's lips; Your garment burst from off you in a rage; yet now you sit quite tranquilly and calm And bear the wrinkled countenance of age.

The direction and restraint of this poet have the magnetism of genius, which seems to point to a full fruition in the future.

METERS

By CENTI and MILLI

Dear Centi and Milli:

What's the difference between a girl and a horse?

I don't know, do you?

Lovingly,

Clarence Corry.

Dear Friend Clarence:

We'll bet you have some great dates.

As ever,

Centi and Milli.

A Him to Her Flea: "Marry me or I'll go to the dogs."

Dear Centi and Milli:

I just can't imagine my twelfth birthday.

Ever yours,

Charlie Stevens.

Dear Mr. Stevens:

We know, time dims one's memory terribly.

Affectionately,

Centi and Milli.

Co-ed: Where are you and Bill going tonight?

Co-ed: (another one) I guess we're going to the show. I heard him tell Fred he had two tickets to the "Pawn Shop."

We do not know anything—we freely admit it. After those exams how could we? We have noticed the same decline on intellectual ability on the part of our schoolmates, even the benign Seniors—yes even that dainty "stop" sign!

One: The other night Jack told me I reminded him of a girl on a magazine cover.

Another: I guess that's because he sees you only once a month.

President Thomson: What's your name, little girl?

Annie Anderson: Annie.

President: Annie what?

A. A.: Anything.

Clara and Mary have decided that for the convenience of one of our professors they will oblige him mby wearing their names printed on large, bill-board style placards. This will be done so that the said professor will be lightened of his burden of endeavoring to tell these beauteous damsels, one from the other!

My mother's an apple pie maker My father, he fiddles for tin, My sister scrubs nights for a living, Oh, boy, how the money rolls in!

Rolls in! rolls in! Oh, boy, how the money rolls in, rolls in; Oh, boy, how the money rolls in!

That's just another fairy tale. Try singing it to the tune of "My Bonnie lies over the Ocean" and lies and lies and lies.

We are eagerly awaiting the completed Miners' room. Very clever of the dear collegians—having money donated to them to furnish a nice room and then brag of the labor they are putting forth. Please glance at the Co-ed room, Lou, and see what enterprising girls can do without money!

While we are talking about the dear co-eds it might be wise to mention their forth-coming dance on the 27th of this month. It certainly is going to be a wow! There are going to be surprises galore, and some of those secret happenings are going to be the talk of the Mines! We know of one and we would love to tell all our dear friends, but propriety forbids so all letter addressed to Centi and Milli, regarding the dance surprises will have to be answered in the negative. But, one word, don't fail to be there, because you must see, do and hear—with the co-eds on the 27th or you will never die happy.

Now for some jokes. Guaranteed laugh producer. (No remarks please!) Mac: I hear the sheriff has taken your car? Lou: Yes, he became attached to it, so I let him have it.

Little Willie: Yah, I saw you kiss my sister. The boy friend: (hurriedly): Ah—er—here's a quarter. Little Willie: And here's ten cents change. One price to all; that's the way I do business.

Everybody is happy over the prospects of the co-ed dance—as happy as a Scotchman at a free-for-all fight!

Revised to Date. Ten little co-eds

Sitting on a fence. One spied the new young prof. And then there was only One little co-ed Sitting on a fence, She committed suicide Because she was too dense. "Well I finally got into the movies." "You really did! And how?" "Oh, by paying the usual fifty cents."

We think that this is about enough. Isn't it awful, but those exams are still bothering us and the plans for the Co-ed dance—well, Michael and Percy are two busy people.

THE SCANDAL MONGREL

Alas, poor Joe, I knew him well! That is, before he became entangled with a blond and a brunette both at the same time. Occasionally he's a gentleman, sometimes not. They worried him so he developed rheumatism and lost twenty pounds. Despite his infirmities, he manages to keep them both guessing. It only goes to prove they ain't no good in men!

Who's the tall pink-haired boy who so consistently high hats the lowly freshmen? Little does he realize the seething unrest created by his indifference. So often political offices depend on the mob spirit. Sad but true.

Also—what's all this gossip about the M club member who rashly joins the ranks of the benedicts, intending to keep it quiet? If he has been up here long enough to acquire an M he must know that it is impossible to keep a secret in this institution of learning. Marry in haste and repent at leisure seems to be quite the thing nowadays.

When the cat's away the mice will play. Wonder if Agnes is worrying about the big burly boy she left alone and unprotected. (Not that he resembles a mouse much!)

Our desert-island hero must have that he was playing his part in a Wild West movie. You know the type—the strong silent men who gave right thru women and make them feel all hot and cold and shivery. He evidently liked the idea so well that he simply couldn't give it up.

The School of Mines boys who live in the Touraine are going to give the school a bad name if they don't restrain their mirth on Sundays. The police station from now on will probably take a great interest in the Touraine. We also hear that one of these youths is the owner of a long sporty roadster—long as from here to there! This is only hearsay! the car never having been seen at school. Maybe he feels he would never escape the coeds if he brought it up here. Discretion is the better part of valour.

We're willing to bet our next new pair of shoes that the Boy Friend of the coeds who so obligingly referred their game the other night shows marked increase in weight. Figures don't lie and sweets are bound to have their effect. Now if he hadn't been so Scotch!

One of the boys from Anaconda seems to have a yen to spend as much time as possible down at the high school. Whether he is trying to re-enter as a freshman or to get on the faculty, no one knows. At any rate, the green baby Lincoln has a permanent parking place at the front gate.

The office always seems to be besieged by visitors whenever the president is absent. But Gwen seems to be satisfactory to most, and she isn't nearly as awe-inspiring. "Come Hither" instead of "Get Hence."

Centi and Milli are well named. They are about as big as a centimeter and a millimeter—that is, if the rest of us were measured in terms of inches.

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION

The United States Civil Service Commission announces the following open competitive examination:

SENIOR MECHANICAL ENGINEER

Applications for senior mechanical engineer must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than March 6.

The examination is to fill a vacancy in the Chemical Warfare Service, Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland, and vacancies occurring in positions requiring similar qualifications throughout the United States.

The entrance salaries range from \$4,600 to \$5,200 a year. Higher-salaried positions are filled through promotion.

At Edgewood Arsenal the duties are, under only general supervision, to act as chief of the design department, Engineering division. The work of the department consists of the standardization and final design of all chemical warfare material developed at the arsenal, according to good engineering practice and in view of its manufacture by quantity production methods; also the production also the production and duplication of drawings and the writing of Chemical Warfare Service specifications upon data furnished by the technical divisions.

The work requires an extensive knowledge of mechanical engineering, modern machine shop practice, and industrial quantity production methods, and a capacity to plan, direct, and coordinate the work of an organization of some fifteen engineers, draftsmen, and technical subordinates.

Competitors will not be required to report for examination at any place, but will be rated on their education, training, and experience.

Full information may be obtained from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or the secretary of the United States Civil Service Board of Examiners at the post office or custom house in any city.

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION

The United States Civil Service Commission announces the following open competitive examination:

JUNIOR SURVEILLANCE INSPECTOR

Applications for Junior Surveillance Inspector must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than March 6.

The examination is to fill vacancies in the Ordnance Department at Large, War Department.

The entrance salary is \$1,620 a year. Higher-salaried positions are filled thru promotion.

The duties are to perform under immediate or general supervision simple technical laboratory and field work in connection with the testing, storage, and inspection of smokeless powder, high explosives, and loaded ammunition.

Competitors will not be required to report at any place, but will be rated on their education, training, and experience.

Full information may be obtained from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or the secretary of the United States Civil Service Board of Examiners at the post office or custom house in any city.

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION

The United States Civil Service Commission announces the following open competitive examination:

ASSISTANT CHEMIST

Applications for assistant chemist must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than March 6.

The examination is to fill vacancies in the Departmental Service, Washington, D. C., and in the field.

The entrance salary in the District of Columbia is \$2,600 a year. A probationary period of six months is required; advancement after that depends upon individual efficiency, increased usefulness, and the occurrence of vacancies in higher positions. For appointment outside of Washington, D. C., the salary will be approximately the same.

Optional subjects are advanced inorganic chemistry, analytical chemistry, organic chemistry, and physical chemistry.

Competitors will not be required to report at any place, but will be rated on their education, training, and experience, and publication or thesis to be filed by the applicant.

Full information may be obtained from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or the secretary of the United States Civil Service Board of Examiners at the post office or custom house in any city.

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION

The United States Civil Service Commission announces the following open competitive examination:

JUNIOR PATENT EXAMINER

Applications for junior patent examiner must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than March 5.

The examination is to fill vacancies in the Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

The entrance salary is \$2,000 a year. Higher-salaried positions are filled thru promotion.

The duties are to perform elementary scientific or technical work in the examination of applications for patents; to see what the alleged inventor thinks he has produced that is new; and to see that disclosure is complete; and to investigate the prior art as represented by patents already granted in the United States and various foreign countries and by the descriptions in technical literature.

Competitors will be rated on physics, techniques, mechanical drawings, and the optional subject or subjects chosen. The options are (1) mechanical engineering, (2) physical and organic chemistry, (3) chemical engineering, (4) civil engineering (5) electrical engineering. French or German, or both, may also be included if desired. Qualifying in the language test increases the probability of appointment.

Full information may be obtained from sion, Washington, D. C., or the secretary the United States Civil Service Commission of the United States Civil Service Board of Examiners at the post office or custom house in any city.

It was a bright day in June. The world was bright, birds sang, flowers bloomed; there was not a cloud in the sky. The elderly, white-haired gentleman, rose to his feet, coughed and cleared his

throat. He beamed over his spectacles. He looked kindly on a group of a hundred and fifty or so men before him. How eager and expectant they looked. The elderly gentleman felt a lump in his throat.

"Men," he said portentously, "you are going forth from these walls, forth to the world, but your work has just begun. The road of hard work lies before you; obstacles must be surmounted, a way must be cleared; you must toil ever upward. Perhaps in your stay here you have learned something to help you. At any rate we have given you the tools; you must do the rest. Go and make a path for others to follow."

He wiped a tear from his eye and the road gang departed from Deer Lodge to work on the new state highway.

The Season's Ford Joke

(Attention Mr. Hard.) Mule—What are you? Ford—I am an automobile. Mule—Gwan! If you're an automobile, I'm a horse.

College Brod.

"Papa" said Glen's small brother, "what do they mean by college brod? Is it different from any other kind of bread?" "My son" said Mr. Sigler, "it is a four years' loaf."

The judge of the probate court was trying to determine the intelligence of Mamie Lee, a thirteen-year-old colored girl, who had been considered "not quite bright." Pointing to the woman who had brought Mamie into court, the judge said: "Mamie, if Mrs. Garrick weighs 165 pounds standing on both feet, how much does she weigh standing on one foot?" Mamie eyed the judge suspiciously and replied: "Does you want me to use my common sense, or does you want to see if I can divide by two?"

"How is it," asked the President of the A. S. S. M. who was questioning a student for robbery, "that you managed to take this Miner's coat from his locker when it was secured by a patent safety catch?" "My fee, Mr. McCanna" replied the student politely and with dignity, "is \$10 for the full course of six lessons."

Mr. Perry, the Atlas please. R. R.: "Cel's uncle has left her \$5,000 a year in perpetuity." P. H.: "Fine! But does she have to go there to live to get it?"

Safety First.

Mr. Blixt: "Offisher, you'd better lock me up. Jush hit my wife over the head wish a club." Officer: "Did you kill her?" Johnny: "Don't think sho. Thash why I want to be locked up."

The Tally.

Judge: "Isn't this the fifth time you have been arrested for drunkenness?" Don: "Don' ash me. I thought you'sh keeping score!"

"Is it true you called your wife a wan-ton woman?" "Yes, your honor, wantin' apostrophe; she's forever wantin' something."

Judge: "Do you wish to marry again if you receive a divorce?" Liza: "Ah should say not. Ah wants to be withdrawn from circulation."

Judge: "Sam, this is a serious charge against you. Have you anything to say in your defense?" Sam, haughtily: "Yoh honor, I not only denies the allegation but I also declares the alligator is wrong."

Quack! Quack!

"A little bird told me what kind of a lawyer your father was." "What did the bird say?" "Cheep, cheep."

"Well, a duck told me what kind of a doctor your old man was."

Prisoner: "Judge, I don't know what to do." Judge: "Why, how's that?" Prisoner: "I swore to tell the truth." Judge: "Well?" Prisoner: "But every time I try to tell it some lawyer objects."

Not Too Far.

Gene: "I'm going to kiss you as soon as I stop this car." Liz: "Here, I think this has gone about far enough."

Criss: "That Scotch bride is out of luck."

Cross: "Why?" Criss: "She can't find anyone in all Scotland to give her away."

Famous Draws.

Draw breath, draw-bridge, draw pay, draw interest, draw poker, draw her closer.

MINES CALENDAR OF SCHOOL EVENTS

February 27—Coed Dance, Engineering Hall, M. S. S. M., 8:30  
February 28—Basketball game. Montana State Normal vs. Montana Miners, School of Mines gym.  
March 5—Lecture course, Metallurgy building, M. S. S. M.

ALUMNI NOTES

Well, we hear another grad is taking to the harness. A. L. Engel, president of the class of 1919, who came home for a visit just a few months ago, became in that short time, engaged to Miss Hattie Kaufman, a Butte girl. Our best wishes are extended to the couple.

The school of Mines has at least one loyal alumnus. The Acropolis recently received a note from J. G. Murphy, in which he said "please note change of address, and let me know when my subscription is due." The first and only evidence of that particular kind of school spirit we've ever seen, and we take this means of extending to Mr. Murphy our appreciation. As it happens, the paper is free to all students, the faculty and the alumni.

Brunner: "Do you have to get your own breakfast now that you're married?" Torrey: "Yep; gotta get hers, too."

Customer: I've brought that last pair of trousers to be resealed. You know I sit a lot. Tailor: Yes, and I hope you have brot the bill to be receipted. You know, I've stood a lot.

The flapper was truly repentant and sought to make amends. "Hans" she cried, "I am sorry I treated you the way I did last week." "Oh, that's all right, Winnie," Dutch replied. "I saved \$30 while we weren't on speaking terms."

"Yes, it took me three months to learn all about this auto." "And what have you got for your pains?" "Liniment."

Piggly: Is my face dirty or is it my imagination? Wiggly: Your face isn't; I don't know about your imagination.

Suzette: The way that man looked at me was most insulting. Suzanne: Did he stare? Suzette: No, that's the trouble. All he gave me was a casual glance—after I spent so much time fixing up.

Happy: Would you like some Welsh rabbit? Snappy: No, I never cared for game of any kind.

Helehan turned in an item about "Gordon Williams, the Miner who was burned in the West end by a live wire." "Which is the west end of a Miner?" sarcastically inquired Patsy. "The end the son sets on, of course", was the reply.

Pegree: They say she belongs to one of the first families in town. Pingree: Yes, one of the first as you drive in.

The Home of MEDLIN'S QUALITY ICE CREAM

MEDLIN'S PHARMACY

We Deliver Park at Crystal

FOUNTAIN PENS REPAIRED AL'S PHOTO SHOP MAIN at BROADWAY

Shirley Clothes Shop

Suits and Overcoats for Men and Young Men \$20, \$25 and \$30

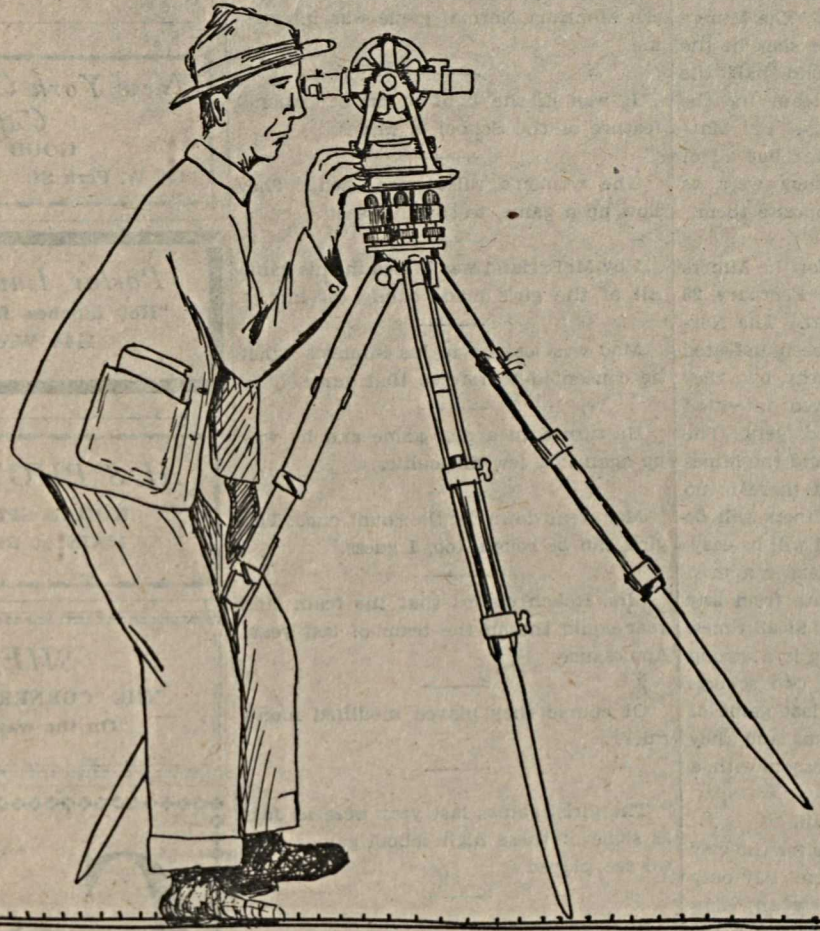
14 NORTH MAIN ST.

Shirley Clothes Shop

14 NORTH MAIN ST.



## ORGANIZATIONS



### SENIOR NOTES

The Seniors have finally decided to spend their profits from the last year's Annual. They, with the aid of Dr. Thomson, made up their minds that the boys' lunch room needs renovating. Dr. Thomson has promised to donate one dollar for every dollar put up by the class. And with our combined fortunes we ought to make a very elaborate setting for the future mining engineers.

Here's a fast one on Gene. He was seen sending a telegram to Pocatello, concerning unknown, shortly after the team had their famous games down there. When the answer came, a disconsolate look spread over his usually blooming countenance, and looking over his shoulders we read: "Mr. Eugene Little, School of Mines, Butte, Montana. Your telegram received, and colossal nerve noted stop if ever you appear in Pocatello again I personally will administer a horsewhipping." (Signed) The Father of That Girl.

More returns from Pocatello. It's a rumor that there are some nice girls down there, but judging from the ugly looking scar on Murph's face we wonder just what "nice" means.

Phat must have made quite an impression in Billings when he was down there with the team recently. He has since been receiving some very pleasant looking communications from there and with the aid of three-fourths of the School of Mines is busy answering them. (How do you spell "hieroglyphics" Phat?) He has enrolled all the Seniors in the job of answering, as he believes they are intelligent.

John Groh, one of our esteemed Seniors has joined the Freshman trigonometry class, all because he thought there were some good looking girls enrolled in that class. But sad to say she quit the second day! Such urgent measures on his part, so he informed us, were necessary because he believed his title of Dean of Women was fast slipping away from him.

Pa Perey has decided that perhaps he might take a coed to the coed dance. Look your best, girls.

Murphy and McCarthy are still manufacturing very poisonous gases in the laboratory and their sole purpose seems to be the killing off of the Mets, as they leave as soon as the gas is produced.

It seems the Seniors had a meeting last week; and discussed the proposed Senior trip which is to take place the early part of May. The called in Dr. Curtis Wilson who gave them a very illuminating talk on a trip to Salt Lake City which was made by previous Senior classes. Nothing definite was decided, but it is thought that Salt Lake will be the ultimate destination.

### JUNIOR NOTES

At the beginning of the new semester we find that we have lost several of our members and have gained at least one. Among those leaving us at this time are: Johnnie Jones, Hi Hall, Ost and Titus. It is reported that Ost and Titus have taken positions with the A. C. M. Co., as samplers in the mines. Mr. Funk is the only one of the new students who has signified his intentions of taking part in class activities so far. He is one of the

most distinguished students in school and we are glad that he is with us.

A fairly well confirmed rumor has it that Herbert Hard, the only one of our original class of more than forty who is still eligible to graduate next year, has been the winner of a scholarship fund amounting to several hundred dollars which is to be given by a ladies organization in Anaconda. More power to Herb.

The charivari planned for Friday night on Mr. and Mrs. John E. Blikt was postponed on account of cold weather, because those taking part felt that Helen and Johnnie might be slow to open the door and they would suffer from exposure during the winter. As Helen says, "It won't always be cold when Helen's home," Johnnie says it never is.

During the regular assembly hour Wednesday, the class meeting was held in the Annual room (which will be the regular place of meeting until further notice). The most important business to come before the meeting was to fill the vacancies left in the Annual staff by those who have recently quit school. After a general discussion, Editor Hard announced the appointment of John (Shorty) O'Connor as Sports Editor to succeed Jones. All copy by the various contributors should be in by the first of March. Promptness will be appreciated.

Proof of the fact that our class are great admirers of art; we nearly all attended Gay Paree. Newton, our expert critic and the Will Rogers of the school, says that very few noticed the homely faces of the chorus girls.

### SOPHOMORE NOTES

Again the scarcity of activity in the Sophomore class brings us to the conclusion that the Sophs must study harder than any other class in the school. Hence the lack of news. They were too busy with their books to do anything. Or, maybe they are ashamed of the things they do and keep out of the public eye or rather the Acropolis.

The Junior column last month contained a wise crack about the pep of the Sophs. Naturally they wouldn't notice any pep around the school, be it displayed by the Sophomores or any other variety of college student. The Junior class is notoriously slow-witted and seems to be nearly blind and deaf—a fair accompaniment. We quote them, "Every knock is a boost." We must be pretty high up by now, after the assistance received from the Junior reporter.

Speaking of nothing—we could remind the Junior class that they have a snake in the grass in their midst. The modern Shyllock—of whom they are so proud, demanded his fifteen cents and even tried to get his pound of flesh and accumulated interest. The receipt is still in the Coed Room in case of necessity. One never knows.

Patsy Alsop, formerly assistant editor, is now the editor-in-chief of the Acropolis. More evidence concerning the pep the Soph reporter raves about.

The Sophomore meeting which was not held Wednesday, Feb. 13, was a great success.

### FROSH NOTES

**Reasons for Study.**  
"Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in the privateness and retiring; for ornament, and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge particulars one by one, but the gen-

eral counsels, and the marshalling of affairs, come best from those who are learned."

And now, dear Freshmen, let's begin. To show the stuff above our chin, For sad to say, A few have strayed. Right down our snowclad hill. But for those who stayed, It is pitch in again. For hope is still, To keep those grades from crashin' in.

#### Class Shows Wave of Enthusiasm.

On Wednesday, the twelfth of February during the assembly hour, the Freshman class, or at least a fair proportion of it, held a meeting. A very unusual event, considering the length of time since the last one was held. However allowance must be made for the ardor with which the students have been studying during the last half.

President Thomson honored us with his presence, also delivering his sage remarks on the Freshman financial situation and social life.

He emphasized the crying need for imbibing that virtuous thing, known as class patriotism, into the veins of our class.

Miss Rice our patient treasurer, read a report on the financial status of the class. This was duly accepted as nothing else could be done about it.

Our Class President, Jack O'Brien, introduced a new and progressive idea of establishing a committee for social finance. Some permanent provision must be made to provide for the purchase of flowers for students' weddings, for emergencies such as funerals, accidents from over-study, etc.

Mr. McBride, as usual, the Virginia orator, responded by proposing that a monthly assessment be levied upon each individual of the class. After a furious controversy between such prominent people as Miss Sternheim, Mr. Munzenreider, Mr. Bellows, Mr. Carroll and Mr. Trueworthy, the voting body was finally persuaded to pass a motion making it permissible to levy and collect a monthly contribution. A consequential amendment sets the amount at ten cents a month—surely now, no visitors, dead friends, or brain fevered students will ever go without our floral support.

The collecting of Frosh funds has been deplorable; it was even suggested that a committee of collection or a deputy be selected to execute this disagreeable task. Notwithstanding our apparent lack of social activity (we are too busy trying to maintain body heat and climbing the hill to care much about butterfly life) we do, however, see a brilliant season ahead, promoted by the sweet essence of spring which will be with us about May if no accidents occur.

**Just Mucked Frosh Humor**  
Conscientious Eric: "These darned books need more naked facts and plain figures."  
Will Eric ever get over his mania for accuracy?

**Our Prayer**  
O Lawd in Heaven,  
I'm not bright,  
Make the bell to ring,  
Before I recite.

You can't tell about these coeds—and if you could you shouldn't.

These bathing suit scandals must cease because the coeds just can't go in the cold water without warm woolen bathing suits.

**Sarcasm to the Extreme**  
There's enough scandal in this school to support a daily tabloid.

C—is for Coeds. Oh, my, what a mess!  
O—for their Orgies. A riot, no less!  
E—is their eyes that lie to the boys.  
D—for their D—d inconsiderate noise.  
S—is for secrets they never do keep.

**In Memoriam.**  
How we bemoan the loss of several of our Frosh friends who made such gallant attempts to master the inner mysteries of engineering. We will surely erect a monument to those who have tried and gloriously failed.

A few of feel grateful to the faculty for extending our time at the school on probationary conditions. If we fail now we will know we are not only possibly lazy but also dumb.

Heard just west of the cut as two young miners were proceeding toward town.

"College education isn't necessary any more. We can do without it—a man, if he has the guts and stamina, can make good easily on five and a half a day, good books, good plays and—"

Companion, "You're not the only one that's going down the hill, I flunked too!"

**The Event Impossible**  
"We are late," shouted the students of economics, as they staggered into the room, but on second thought, they doubted, "Cause mister prof. also, was far from soon."

Among the fair beauties of the institution, haven't we some whose hands have shocked the selfconfidence of some of the more stalwart miners?

Any Prof. desiring special post grad. work will please interview the late Professor McBride.

**The Ambitious Carpenter.**  
Mr. Snelder is certainly following the old adage, consistency builds the house.

A suggestion to Buzzy Drillers. Join the DuPont club and get broken.

**For Our Chubins.**  
Prof. Johnson, calling the roll: "Stephens"—no reply.  
Prof. Johnson again in a different way, "O, I say, Chubins are you present? Reply, here near the window."

Freshman wishing to lead a wild and exciting life should go to work in Butte's abyssinian underworld.

**Kenny Heard of Again.**  
Dr. Koenig (to Kenny, who is using water instead of gasoline): Don't use water.

Kenny: What, then?  
Dr. Koenig: Oh, use your head.

### THE MUCKPILE

Now that the final examinations of the last semester are over, and the whoopee of getting started in this semester has died down, we can consider the writing of a column a Comparative snap.

There is much evidence that Dr. Thomson's Finishing School for promising young mining engineers certainly finished a lot of them.

And, if some of the students are to be believed, the new semester is no easier than the last one. May we be better prepared for the next examinations than we were on the last.

From the "City of Whispers" come several rumors to the effect that Sawed-off Sawyer and Greenud, the most famous species of verdant timber, are returning to this institution of higher learning when the fall semester opens. These two will certainly bring some pep back to our halls of learning.

**Dear Editor:**  
Last night I went out with several of the boys and got a little tight. Did I do wrong?

**Verdant Timber.**  
Not being on the party I really don't know. Can't you remember?  
B. P. N.

The eighth wonder has come to pass. We hear that the A. S. S. M. has enough money to pay all outstanding debts.

For the benefit of all Juniors, Seniors, and any others that may ever be exposed to a course in sampling. It is admitted that the first rule of sampling is to sample frequently, but the editor feels that this should be preceded by some precautionary steps.

1. Sniff cautiously.  
2. Taste carefully.  
3. Get a funnel.

There seemed to be something weighing on the mind of Ignatz with the sensitive soul. Being of an inquisitive turn we asked him what the trouble was. It seems that he had tried to budget his time for his studies; calculated on the basis of two hours of study to every hour of recreation, he had to study every night from seven to one. That seemed pretty reasonable to me so I asked why the long face. He tells me that if he writes up his laboratory experiments as they are required that it will take at least two hours more and that doesn't leave him any time to see Mabel.

Poor fellow, here's nothing he can do but tell Mabel to go jump in the lake.

But the best of it is that if we knew half of what we are supposed to know the Professors would have to go to work for a living.

We know several students that are going thru college by writing. Yeah, writing home.

Prof. Scott: "What would it mean if we say that McFarland has the getting of a girl down to science?"  
Noah Gershevsky: "Either we are lying or the girls of Butte aren't as particular as they used to be."

Centi and Milli, the meter sticks, made some rather trite remarks concerning the miners in our last issue. We would say that the most characteristic thing about a miner is the amount of money he hasn't got.

There have been several lectures in the past few weeks which thereupon gives us a chance to remark that the malady is still with us. We don't doubt but what the cure would be worse than the disease.

Mr. Vaupell, alumnus, gave a dandy lecture on Mexico and its problems. Yes sir, I liked the way he put the problems of the country—another country ruined by the stomachs of its people.

Ten seniors are looking for jobs in Mexico, Mr. Vaupell having told us that an engineer in Mexico never demeans himself by packing his transit or book.

At that the stuff they drink can't be much worse than that served in Butte.

A lot more of us are like Vaupell in that we have a hard time convincing the professors that we are proficient.

Another thing about these lectures: Can anyone quote Puffer?

Perey, womanhater, remarks that only a blind man could be prevented from seeing an awful lot of some women.

The following seems especially apropos: "Failed in Chemistry, flunked in Trig" We heard him softly hiss,  
"I'd like to catch the Guy that said That ignorance is bliss."

If we can steal Naomi's stuff for awhile, how's this?

I want to be a Senior,  
And with the Seniors stand,  
A fountain pen behind my ear,  
A notebook in my hand,  
I wouldn't be a president,  
I wouldn't be a king,  
I wouldn't be an emperor  
For all that wealth could bring.  
I wouldn't be an angel,  
For angels have to sing;  
I want to be a Senior,  
And never do a thing.

There is one thing that should be looked into. There are several underclassmen that do not know who the seniors are. Let's have a mixer, smoker, or some sort of a get-together so we may know our neighbors.

Now that the examinations are over any coed should be able to get a date.

The kind-hearted seniors are going to have that room fixed up. The carpenters are now working on it. The coeds can't look down on us any more.

We would like to tender an invitation to the coeds; whenever they wish to smoke they can come down and use our gobboon.

With the new semester came several new students and a few former students. We wish to express our disappointment over the absence of Ceil Mallet. We did enjoy quarrelling with that girl.

We notice that Mr. Cobb has been terribly sleepy in his classes. Helen must have been home for a few days. Poor Johnny!

Now that Jo has left school we'll have to apologize. She had a man all the time.

Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews certainly spoke the "King's English." However, even Professor Scott probably noticed the Harvard accent.

Our worthy president showed his ability to rise to the occasion when he made his introductory speech short and sweet. Wonders will never cease.

There is another item of interest that certainly needs mentioning; the Mines Basketball Team. They are good, and what's more they were not an awful drain on the A. S. S. M. treasury. That is one record that will be hard to beat.

We wish to make public acknowledgment at this time that Liz pays her debts. That is, if you can collect, and that has been proven possible.

From time to time some criticism has been given this paper. Mr. Chad Spaulding says it is N. G. Ho hum!

We see Dutch Talpt is back—probably another semester of courtship.

Gene is back to help out the basketball team. Every little helps.

Now that Gordon is back Stan will probably lose his distinction as the laziest man on the campus.

Becker is back to keep his title of perpetual freshman.

Those final examinations came just at the right time. Mr. Vivian needed samplers.

Maybe the Tennis Club will come to life and do something besides wearing those sweaters. It is rumored that Gordon paid twenty two dollars (\$22.00) for a new racquet.

No, Clifton, you don't have to be a college man to read College Humor.

"Knees and Neck" Munzenreider easily had the heaviest beard during examinations.

Well, folks, I have some other things to do besides writing this. It's past my bed time and I've already missed too many eight o'clocks.

Adios, amigos.

Wife: Where have you been?  
Hubby: Down street buying a new ribbon for my typewriter.

Wife: Yes; you'll buy ribbons for her and if I ask you for a nickel you raise an awful row.

Mrs. All spice: Do you know what time my husband came home last night, Maria?  
Maria: No, Ma'am, but his shoes were still warm at seven.

Lu: Does your husband ever take any hard exercise?

Lulu: Well, last week he was out seven nights running.

**Unhand Me, Woman**  
Sweet Young Thing: I want a collar, please, for my husband.  
Clerk: Yes, madam. What size does he wear?

S. Y. T.: Well, I really have forgotten, but I can just reach around his neck with both hands.

**Some Proper Names.**  
The intellectual girl—Sarah Bellum.  
A divorcee—Allie Money.  
Newsstand girl—Maggie Zine.  
One who goes up in the air—Mona Plane.

A speedy kid—Mary Thon.  
A polite hostess—Etta Quette.  
The office pest—Ann Oyanee.  
The big museum attraction—Ella Phant.  
Our private secretary—Cora Spontence.  
Works in the pickle store—Della Katesen.

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THE MINING SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE

(Continued from Page 1.)

something else, and from a point of view of general culture and of ridding the student of the uncouthness which is inevitably characteristic of youth with little social background, there is much to be said in favor of this kind of contact for the building mining engineer, geologist or metallurgist. Certainly the graduate schools in geology at such institutions as Chicago, Harvard, Yale, California and the like, are doing probably the best work in the world at the present time.

On the other hand, the undergraduate colleges and universities of the country as a whole, both state and endowed, have suffered from a great influx of "students" so called, many of whom are young people who do not come to college for an education, but who are sent to college either because it appears to their parents to be the socially correct thing to do, or because it appears to offer a short cut to easy, lucrative employment in a white-collar job. The presence of a very large percentage of young people of this type, frequently lacking in any orientation, pursuing no particular course, but weaving their way thru the catalog in the pursuit of soft courses and of instructors who have the reputation of being easy, is certainly not conducive to the creation of the proper atmosphere in which to pursue intensive professional training.

Another disadvantage which the mining school attached to an institution of the more general type is subjected to is that, of course, the education of the embryo engineer, must be built on a very broad basis of mathematics, chemistry, physics, economics, English, and the like, and in these institutions there is almost complete departmental autonomy. Each department is largely a law unto itself. Mathematics is taught, not as a tool of the engineer, but as a science, delightful in itself, to be pursued for its own ends, with much the same attitude as the facetious toast proposed at a meeting of the American Mathematical Society in Chicago a few years ago: "Here's to Mathematics. May she never be useful to anyone." Much the same thing is true with Chemistry or with Physics, and so on down the line. The courses in these institutions are a good deal like the combination breakfasts which are so popular nowadays, where you find yourself forced to choose between bacon and breakfast food, or between cantaloupe and coffee, and there is inescapably a lack of coordination and a lack of orientation of the students' work toward the particular field in which he expects to make his professional career. I am not speaking, of course, of the actual courses themselves in Mining, Metallurgy and Geology, but of the contributory courses which are offered by other departments of the University over which the mining school has no control, and where an expression of its opinion is usually resented as an invasion of a colleague's rights.

There is growing up in these general colleges and universities, also, a tendency toward the establishing of Junior colleges, both within and without the university itself, and the Junior college tendency is toward a standardized two-year preparation, uniform for all the courses leading to a four year degree. This tendency, which will meet, of course, with some opposition from the technical and professional schools of the university, is nevertheless quite a strong one, and I think will materially modify the value and content of the technical courses of these institutions inside of the next ten years.

Now, let us turn to an examination of the separate or segregated mining school, standing as a unit of the educational system on its own feet and on its own campus. It is, in almost all respects, the very antithesis of the other type of institution of which we have just been speaking. The greatest of all is, perhaps, the danger of narrowness of point of view and of provincialism on the part of its students. The uncouthness which they have when they come to school as freshmen in many cases is likely to be intensified, especially if the school be, as it should be, in or near a mining camp. There is considerable danger that such a school may turn out artisans rather than professional men, thoroughly at home in their digging clothes underground, but who lack entirely the social qualities essential to an substantial professional success.

The great advantage which these institutions possess, however, more than compensates, I believe, the dangers enumerated, especially if these dangers are understood and guarded against by the institutions themselves. In the first place, the segregated mining school can be advantageously located. In volume 5 of the Transactions of the Institute, in a discussion of American students of mining in Germany, I find this interesting statement:

"One of the greatest advantages of the Freiberg school was the intimate connection of the mines and works and the government, whereby opportunity was afforded for practical instruction, under the most favorable conditions; and the presence of these mines and works in the immediate vicinity of the school obviated the loss of time which would otherwise be incurred."

an observation of considerable local significance. Furthermore, the atmosphere may be, and should be made highly professional in tone, students and faculty alike thinking in terms of the mineral industry to which they are committing their lives. This professional atmosphere is also stimulated by the location of the school in a permanent mining camp (if there be such a thing). It is possible, under such circumstances, to develop an intensification of effort and a consciousness

ness of orientation which is impossible in the other type of institution.

All the instructors in such an institution, regardless of the field in which they are engaged, are, of necessity, by reason of their daily contacts with their colleagues, with their students, and with their acquaintances outside of the institution, deeply neredsted and concerned in the mineral industry itself. Furthermore, such an institution affords remarkable opportunity for the orientation even of the teacher of pure science into those fields in which their particular science can be of the greatest service to the mineral industry. Think what it would mean to a mining school to have as a teacher of physics a man like Dr. Max Mason of the University of Chicago, who has made such a splendid analysis of geophysical prospecting.

Such a man, whose first duties would, of course, be to teach a broad, general, thorough course in physics, should also do and direct research work in geophysical methods. This is merely an illustration; the same thing can be done in every other field in the mining school.

Of course, I am satisfied that the mining school of the future will pay more and more attention to fundamentals, more attention to principles and less to practice—theory, good theory, and lots of it. I have sometimes wondered whether it might be possible to develop a theory of mining even, paralleling Clauswitz's remarkable book on the "Theory of War", which is almost as practical and as subject to expediency as mining methods themselves.

I believe that in the mining school of the future much attention will be paid to English and Economics, and to the necessity for turning out educated gentlemen rather than laboring men who know how to look thru a transit or make a fire essay.

I believe that in the mining school of the future there will be more studying and less teaching, more throwing of students on their own initiative, and more rigorous standards of performance and of conduct, with less and less place for loafers and dilletantes.

I believe that in the mining school of the future the professors will be gentlemen, men of broad culture and of wide interests, but thoroughly trained and thoroughly devoted to the particular field of knowledge in which it is their business to encourage students to study. I believe that in the upper classes they will be chosen for their skill in encouraging students to study rather than for their ability to feed their students large doses of predigested pigeon's milk.

I am inclined to think that the four year course will remain the standard thing: that probably within the mining school itself the first two years will be practically uniform and that in these first two years there will be much teaching and a much larger proportion of recitations and class work to the amount of credit given than in the upper two years. In the upper two years will come the differentiation, and I believe, that guided study with conferences will largely replace recitations. In other words, what we will have is a four year course leading to the Bachelor's degree, with subsidized graduate study for those who show sufficient ability to justify their going on for a year of graduate work and receiving their Master's degree, and still higher subsidized study for those who show sufficient exceptional ability to justify their study for their doctorate. All this implies from the freshman year onward, constant selection and a high concentration ratio.

The mining school of the future will have three main functions:

First: Systematic training of youth for service to the state and to themselves thru the development of its mineral industry.

Second: Advancement of knowledge thru investigation, practical and scientific, in those fields upon which the advancement of mineral technology depends.

Third: A source of expert opinion to those who, not having a highly trained staff of their own, need guidance service, and the institutions will also serve in the assisting and counseling with the expert staffs themselves.

All of this implies a faculty of unusual excellence and of unusual training.

It implies equally that the mining school of the future must have the closest relation with mineral industry itself, and must be closely adjacent to it, just as a medical school must have its nearby hospital clinic if it is to afford acceptable training.

LETTER FROM GRAD.

(Continued from Page 1.)

ghostly barren stretch of wierd mountain country, approaching absolute desert in aridity. The camp, itself, is in no better way.

I confess that, at this time, I felt pretty squeamish about Chile in general and was beginning to regret ever having left the States.

We did not have time to visit the mine, so I spoke to Ladic and Martin over the phone. It will be only a short time until they return home. Valparaiso, the principal port of Chile, a large modern city, is near the northern end of the valley of Chile, whose climate approximates that of Southern California.

Santiago, the capital, is situated 70 miles south east of this port and is, with its conveniences, beauty, and climate, along with lack of prohibition, a better city to live in than nearly any of its size in the United States.

Rancagua ("Rancid Water") is the junction and valley terminus of the B. Company Railroad. This railroad descends 500 feet in 35 miles and forms the only connecting link this camp has with the outside world.

Rancagua lies forty miles south of Santiago, on the main line of the Chilean State Railroad which traverses the central valley from north to south.

Sewall (elevation 7000 feet) is the lar-

gest mining camp in South America, and boasts every modern convenience. In fact it is ultra-modern in that electricity has been utilized for nearly every conceivable purpose. Heat, light and power are electric And even in the mine, we have electric stoves for heating and for preparing our mid-shift lunch.

The single American employees here live in a large staff house. We have a swimming pool, library, gymnasium, billiard room, bowling alley, theatre and social club. There are a half dozen tennis courts. The company for a nominal sum furnishes saddle horses, but most of the fellows here have their own horses.

With all of these opportunities for pleasant recreation along with a few social functions each month, it is not hard to become satisfied with existence here, despite the fact that I am nearly 9000 miles from Butte.

The ore body being mined here at a normal rate of from 18,000 to 20,000 tons per day lies in two segments around the periphery of a great volcano plug.

Another thing about the mine that is strikingly out of the ordinary is the means of access to the mine workings. They are entered from below and it is necessary to ascend in a shaft to reach them. It will also interest you, Professor Simons, to learn that the compressors here are located at an elevation of from 1500 to 2000 feet below the places where the air is used.

I have been made assistant foreman of the La Fortuna mine in which the smaller segment of the ore body is being worked. My job consists of supervising the labor, and with the help of several native "cabos" (shift bosses) I get along fairly well. At first I had a hard time with the language, but now my tongue is beginning to behave.

During the War the ore was ripped out of here in an almost senseless fashion with the result that all of the upper levels have caved to the surface, forming an enormous declivity near the crater rim, known as the Fortuna Cave. Water is pumped to the rim and deployed over the surface of this cave in large piles. It seeps into the ore body taking copper into solution. This copper is recovered by precipitation with scrap iron on the lower levels. The working of the mine consists of driving drifts, crosscuts and raises, and entry ways and water passages, and the recovery of the copper. I am interested in the work and like it.

All of the surveying is done by Chilean mining engineers. A survey crew consists of the surveyor and about eight helpers. It tickles me pink to see them work. They proceed to the place to be surveyed in single file, the engineer in the lead and the helpers following, each carrying a part of the paraphernalia. The importance of each man in the crew can be gauged by the thing he is carrying. The most important helper carries the instrument; and the least important, at the extreme end of the file, may only be allotted a measly plumb-bob. The engineer points out the place to be surveyed and the important helper sets up the instrument, levels, and sets the plates. The rest of the helpers do everything else, each having his particular duty. When all is ready the engineer squints thru the transit—it has already been set on the sight—and calls out the reading to the helper, who carries the notebook. Truly, a surveyor has an easy life here. I have often wondered why they don't carry the precious fellow around in a litter.

The country is behind times in every thing but militarism. The army has been trained by German officers, and the uniform is an exact copy of the German. The goose-step is done with brilliant execution and many of the commands are in German. The southern part of Chile has a large Teutonic population and is almost completely Germanized. Spanish is hardly spoken there. The breweries and packing houses export their products to all parts of South America. The "Pilsner" beer made there is as good as any in the world, and nearly every American resident always has a case of it on ice—a fact that makes visiting fellow-Americans a pleasure. I make quite a few visits.

If you are interested in the mining methods or any other thing here that I can get information about, you need only notify me and I will supply you with anything I can.

If some of the fellows who are graduating this year are interested in coming down here, I can give them a lot of information.

Respectfully,  
Hinrichson.

"Heinie's" address is c-o Braden Copper Co., Rancagua, Chile, South America.

SHOWINGS IN MINES ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 1.)

The Mines took things easy and although they had been only off the train an hour could have run up any score they desired.

E. M. N. S.

The second game of the trip was against the Eastern Montana Normal School. The score was even bigger than the one the first night. The Orediggers again took things easy and the score did not indicate the superiority of the Miners over the Normal team. Strange to say, in these two games not one Mines man was removed on personal fouls. This goes to prove the statement that the officials who referee Mines games in cities where the Mines players have played all hear that the Miners are rough and then go about proving it by throwing out a Mines man.

Bobcats.

The next Mines ame was with the Bobcats. Minus their stars, who were unable to make a trip because of sickness and studies, the Bobcats hit Butte. The Mines were sure of a win. But in the last two minutes the veteran Orediggers with the game in the bag succumbed to an attack of buck fever and with a six point lead threw the game away. The Bobcats,

sensing the fact that the Miners had blown up, started to rally and as the whistle blew ending the game the Bobcats tied the score. The extra five minutes was as exciting as the rest of the game and with the score tied, Browning, Bobcat running guard let a shot go with the gun to win for the Bobcats by the narrow margin of two points.

The game started slow with the Bobcats attempting to draw the Miners in a man to man defense. The Miners did not fail for it although the Cats stalled for nearly five minutes. The first score in the game did not come until after three minutes of play. The lead then seasawed back and forth in the first half with the score at half time 11-11. The second half opened up with the Miners spurring to the front and staying there until the final two minutes of play, when either buck fever or Bobcatitis stopped the Miners and the Cats tied and then won the game. The Miners were the superior team thru-out the entire game but at no time during the game did they show the stuff that was really in them. Numerous shots were missed that at any other time would have been easy for the Mines sharpshooters. Jack Matlock could not get going in the first half at all. Pat and Kiley along with Quinn and Sigler showed that they were on a par with college players of the country. The loss of this game when it should have been an easy win again showed that the Mines pick out the big games in which to go into a slump. The only bad feature of the entire game was the decision that gave the Bobcats a win in the first overtime period. With thirty seconds to go the Mines had the ball out under their own basket. Matlock who was throwing the ball in was standing on the line when he threw the ball in; Sullivan took this opportunity to call for the first time in the entire evening this particular foul and gave the ball to he Bobcats under the Mines basket. The ball was tossed in to Browning past the center of the floor who made a wild heave for he basket and registered.

E. M. N. S.

The next game was against Eastern Montana Normal in Butte. The final score was 58-5 in favor of the Mines. Orediggers second string players played for nearly thirty minutes and the game was slow and uninteresting.

Mines-Montana Normal

On Thursday, January the Mines left on their invasion of the south. The squad taken south was the biggest that the Mines have ever carried on a basketball trip this year. In the squad were: Coach McAuliffe, L. Matlock, J. Matlock, Kiley, Quinn, Truworthy, McCourt, E. Elderkin Henry J. Sullivan, MacFarland, G. Little, A. Wilson Asst. Mgr. and Murphy, Manager. Prof. Scott accompanied the team as far as Dillon and returned the next morning.

The first game against the Montana Normal was one of those games. It always seems as though the game between the Mines and the Normal is always the worst of the series of the season schools that they play. The Normal this year had as many veterans as the Mines and they are bolstered by the fact that in Captain K. Lang they have a long-shot artist who can hold his own with the best of them. The Mines came out on the long end of a 36-27 score but it was a costly victory for the Mines. L. Matlock had one of his knees wrenched and he was on the bench for the rest of the trip. Lang starred for the Normal quint while the Mines team sparkled with stars, the two Matlocks being the outstanding members of our gang.

Mines-Pocatello Railway Club

The second game of the trip could be labeled the battle of the century. It brought home again that well known fact that it is a mistake to play any independent team in their own back yard. The Mines lost what was called a basketball game but which in reality was only a rough and tumble fight. Jackson formerly of Mt. St. Charles handled the whistle or rather lost it and seemed to enjoy the spectacle of seeing Mines players slugged from one end of the floor to the other. The final score was 33-27 in favor of Pocatello. The best that we can do is reproduce part of the account of the game as given in the "Pocatello Tribune."

P. A. C. Performs "Acrobatics in Defeating Miners 33-27.

By E. E. S.

No Apologies, No Alibis.

Any sports writer could say a lot of things about the P. A. C. win over the Montana Miners last night, but few of the remarks would be nice. Principal among the reflections are the facts that the game was probably the roughest seen here among grownup quints, held little of entertainment value and was poorly handled."

The account goes on to tell that Wes Dean, captain of the Pocatello team started the fireworks and that the only time that the Mines entered into anything rough was when they went to the defense of a Mines player who had been knocked across the floor. The sport writer of the paper places the stamp of approval on the entire Mines team and comments that the quicker the memory of the game is erased the better.

L. Matlock did not get into the game at all and there is but little doubt as to who would have been the winner of Pat had of played even as rough as the game was. On top of all of this the box score shows that the Miners were fouled twelve times while the Idaho battlers were fouled but twice.

Well as the Pocatello sport writer said the quicker forgotten the better.

Mines-Idaho Southern Branch

The Mines-Idaho Tech game was one of the greatest ever played in Pocatello. The final score was 32-31 in favor of the Idaho team. The Idaho team had one of the prettiest offenses that the Mines have bumped into for a long time. Again the Orediggers were minus the services of their star guard Matlock and the no-

ticeable let down in defense can be traced to this. Elderkin who played in Matlocks place, while plenty willing, has not as yet the experience to pass out the game that Fat does as the usual thing. The Miner team battled against these odds until there were but twelve minutes left to play. Matlock then went in and had he played the entire half the Miners would have been returned easy victors.

The second Mines-Idaho Tech. game was played in Butte. The Mines with Pat Matlock recovered from his injury was a fifty per cent improved team. For the first half the game was good, then the Orediggers started to ramble. The score at half time was 18-8 and at the end of the game the score was 46-26. Every man on the Mines team showed that he knew what it was all about and when the game was over there was not a question in anyone's mind as to which team was the best.

The Idaho team uses a one handed shot that is the prettiest that has been shown here by any team this year. The Miners were hard put to block the shot in the first half but in the second half the Miners played the Idaho team for the shot and stopped them easily. Fat Matlock was the outstanding star but all of the Miners showed that they were as good as the man playing opposite them.

Next Game.

The next and final game for the Miners will be played in Butte on February 28 against the Montana Normal. The Normal headed by Lang has been defeated by the Miners once this year but they are coming with the avowed intention of stopping the fast Orediggers. The games between the Normal and the Mines always are good games and there is no reason to expect that the Miners will be off or that the Normal squad will be easy. Any team that has as its leader a man such as Lang who is accurate from any part of the floor is dangerous at all times. Added to the fact that there is a strong friendly rivalry between the two schools is the fact that this is the last game of the season for the both teams and they will both try to close the season with a victory.

Women's Basketball.

In starting let me apologize for the way in which this article is written. My only excuse is that I do not know anything about the game that the girls are playing and it is hard enough to keep up with the men's rules not to mention trying to get acquainted with the game that the women are playing.

The Minerettes got off to a late start but in the past few weeks they are making up for that. Under the direction of Mrs. Roach they have played three games at the gym which were billed as preliminaries but which have attracted a good deal of attention. All the games are played under the rules of women's basketball rather than under the modified men's rules as were the coed games of last year.

The first game was against Butte Central in which the Mines team was nosed out by a score of 19-12. The next game was against Butte High which ended up 15-14 in favor of Butte High. The last game played by the coeds was again against Central and the final score was 16-12 Central.

Although they have been beaten in every start the coeds claim that they are having a lot of fun and stoutly maintain that it is not all in the winning. In fact they maintain that it is part of their physical education work and as they cannot have intra-mural games they must take on outsiders. More power to them.

Here's what the Montana Free Press has to say about the last girls' basketball game, held the night of the Butte-Central game:

"In the preliminary game Central High senior girls defeated the School of Mines' lassies 21 to 12. The collegiate girls were much superior in working the ball down the floor but couldn't count on easy shots Kane and Mulholland, especially the former, handled the ball more like boys on shooting and put Central over big. The linups:

Mines (12)	Central (21)
E. Rice (4)	V. Watson (6)
Forward	
C. Roat (4)	V. St. George
Forward	
N. Sternheim (3)	N Connell
Center	
B. Ellis (1)	R. LaDuke
Center	
T. Davis	D. Kane (5)
Guard	
M. Trueworthy	L. Maillet (2)
Guard	
P. Hirsh	Mulholland (8)
Guard	

SPORT O GRAPHS

The loss of Sigler, who has quit school, will be felt by the team more than they or their supporters really think.

Sigler did not make many holes but he got the ball in where the rest of the lads could make them.

This closes the career at the Montana State School of Mines of an athlete who has won eight letters. Four are in basketball, and four in football.

Sigler also served as captain of the basketball team two years ago.

Before coming to the Montana State School of Mines Sigler had never played basketball or football. He is a product of MacAuliffe entirely.

Juney may be seen in action again, tho, if the Miners enter a team in the local independent league tournament, which will be for the state title.

It will probably be a team entered as the M Club.

The return to school of Little has helped to fill the place left by Sigler.

Little is not playing the kind of basketball that he would have played if he had been in school all year.

Trueworthy and McCourt are coming along nice and will make things interesting for some of the lads next year.

Fat showed up every forward that he has played against this year.

Quinn will be one sweet guard next year.

Kiley's habit of taking a long one and being so confident that the ball would go in that he did not even follow the shot has cost us several baskets in important games.

The girls preliminary game to the Eastern Montana Normal game was interesting.

It was in the light of an educational feature of the School of Mines.

The women's rules were used. They slow up a game, to say the least.

Roy McFarland was bribed in this game All of the girls made candy for him.

Mac was looking to his interests when he consented to referee that game.

He turned in a nice game and he was up against a few difficulties.

Mac went down for the count once. The girls can be rough, too, I guess.

Mrs. Roach claims that the team this year could thump the team of last year. Applesauce.

Of course they played modified men's rules.

The girls' games last year were as fast as some of these high school games that we see played.

We admit that the games were rough but I think that this was as much due to the fact that they were going at top speed all the time as to the fact that they wanted to be rough.

At that we can't say that this game was a pink tea. Ask McFarland.

It took a lot of nerve to call that foul in the last couple of minutes with the score tied.

It was a good game at that. Final score 15-13.

The Minerettes took it as a joke until the score was tied; when they tried to settle down and play the underdog had come up to stay.

We see Breeden has at last been recognized as the great guard that he is.

He has been offered a chance to play with the Hilliards of St. Louis.

Thompson of Bozeman has at last found himself after sixteen games.

The Bobcats will take the locky Mountain Championship in a walkaway.

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